lent of JHVH. What was left standing at that moment were the letters

J H V H'S WITNESSES

That seemd a high moment for the crowd gathered in that Stadium. The gasp was audible. God was speaking to us, it seemed. But Knorr continued, apparently oblivious. From that day to this, that incident has never been mentioned in Watchtower literature. What did it mean? Why the silence?

In 1953, following some business contacts we made in 1950, my wife and I emigrated to the United States. But that brings a whole new story. *–Rt. 3, Box 324-R, Dallas, Or. 97338*

BOOK NOTES

For 1.50 we will send you John Stott's *What Christ Thinks of the Church,* which is a 128-page paperback treatment of the letters to the seven churches. He sees in these letters the answer as to what Jesus thinks of the church.

We have Pat Boone's *A New Song* for 4.95; *The Living New Testament* for 2.50; Francis Schaeffer's *The God Who Is There* (2.50) and *Death In the City* (1.95).

A neat, new publication of Thomas Campbell's *Declaration and Address* and Barton Stone's *Last Will and Testament,* the two greatest documents of the Restoration Movement, is available at 1.50. The *Appendix* to the *Declaration* is rich in its treatment of some of the weighty issues of unity and fellowship. If you are interested in Christian unity you should by all means have this little volume.

Ouida and I have just finished reading aloud Merrill Unger's *The Haunting of Bishop Pike.* Having once sat myself in an Arthur Ford seance, as did Bishop Pike, I was especially interested in Unger's evaluation, which is that the spirits of seances are not departed loved ones at all, but satanic powers that are deceiving people into believing that they can live now and forever without Christ. We could hardly lay the book down. If the spirits do not curl your hair, the book will. And yet it is a sober, scriptural, thought-provoking presentation. A ghost will never again be quite the same to you. And Unger *does* believe that what Pike experienced was real and not a hoax. Really evil, that is. In paperback at 1.95.

RESTORATION REVIEW

EXPLO 72 AND CHURCHES OF CHRIST

By the time you read this it will likely all be over. EXPLO 72 that is, which you have no doubt heard about. 100,000 young people are expected to descend (or ascend) upon Dallas for a mass evangelism seminar, a history-making event sponsored by Campus Crusade. Large classes will be conducted all over the Dallas-Ft. Worth area, designed to train young people to witness for Jesus in their own communities. In the evenings they will overflow the Cotton Bowl for more of the same.

The conference gets its name from its stated aim, "Training for EXPLOSIVE Spiritual Revolution," and it has gained much support from civic as well as religious leaders. The Dallas mayor is periodically on TV urging the city to help make the event the greatest of its kind in history. He points out that 60 nations will be represented as well as every state in our nation. 10,000 laymen will also be on hand to gain further spiritual insight.

The daily conferences will be held at the larger church facilities, on university campuses, at Market Hall (where Kennedy was going on that fateful day), and at huge convention centers in both Dallas and Ft. Worth. Scores of hotels will be filled to capacity and thousands of homes in the area have opened their doors to the visitors. A full-page ad in Dallas papers has EXPLO officials asking for a small miracle: an additional 28,000 beds. A similar ad in our own Denton paper asked for 2,000. Even floor space will be accepted, they pointed out, for these kids are coming with sleeping bags and are prepared to rough it.

This caused us to offer Wynnewood Chapel, which could accommodate a large number if floor space was sufficient. The officials were pleased to have it, but have since called and said it would not be needed after all since enough homes have responded to their call. Some sessions will be here in Denton on one of our university campuses, so Ouida and I signed up for four delegates, even though I will have to be away part of the time. The worker discretely asked, "Do you prefer Caucasians?" I replied, "We'll take 'em whatever color you have: black, white, red, purple . . " She got a laugh out of that and was pleased that we had beds for all four and would provide breakfast and transportation to their conference center.

There are upwards of 200 Churches of Christ in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area, some of them with million dollar facilities. Our folk across the country will no doubt wonder what contribution those of us here in the area are making to the success of EXPLO 72. On the information sheet sent to me by the officials I see that numerous churches have offered their facilities, but insofar as the Restoration tradition is concerned this includes only the East Dallas Christian Church, the largest in that wing of discipledom. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and even the Seventh Day Adventists have offered facilities.

One would suppose that some of our folk might lend a helping hand to this momentous event, especially since the EXPLO officials have made it clear that this is strictly a non-sectarian effort to win our culture for Christ. But this is supposing too much, and it may well be that it is precisely for that reason that we keep our clean hands off: it *is* non-sectarian. If they used *our* literature, *our* teachers, and *our* doctrines – and only ours – then of course it would be "Church of Christ" and we'd be all for it. It would also be sectarian. And there wouldn't be 100,00 here from all over the world. We should rejoice that EXPLO seeks only to lift up Jesus in the hearts of these kids, for they well know that these youth could not care less for all our distinctive theological peculiarities.

But I must not leave the impression that the Church of Christ has completely ignored EXPLO 72. Some of our leaders gathered for at least two sessions to ascertain what our folk might do, if anything, about this significant occasion. The elders of the Pipeline Road congregation in Hurst, between Dallas and Ft. Worth, sent out a report of what was decided. The report was sent out, they explained, because there was a great deal of interest in what these leaders recommended for the Churches of Christ to do in reference to EXPLO 72.

Some of the preachers at the meeting suggested that we might prepare our own literature for the occasion and pass it out to the youth at the conference centers, clandestinely of course. It was indicated that some of this might be done.

It was decided that it was too late to plan for any kind of cooperative effort in reference to EXPLO 72. They did not mean, of course, that they might cooperate with the mass effort, but that it was too late for the Churches of Christ to do anything at the cooperative level.

As for showing hospitality to the youth coming from around the world, our leaders showed an awareness of the need, referring to the ad asking for 28,000 beds. They thought maybe some of our more mature folk could

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provide lodging for these kids, "with a view to teaching and influencing them for good." But they added: "A consideration of 2 John 9-11 made us cautious about this." They also hesitated to suggest that we show hospitality of this sort because of "the short time available in which to train our people for this type confrontation."

The report, which is signed by five elders, concludes with: "Although we cannot say *how* God may use the various congregations the week of June 12-17, we are confident that all will work together for good if we truly love Him and walk within His purpose and calling."

So, you see, our folk are aware of EXPLO 72 and we are standing by to see just how God may use us during that week. My, but aren't we alive!

It reminds me of a movie I once saw about a battle in the Civil War. The opposing armies were strung out along a broad front, ready for the great confrontation. By lamplight in their tents the opposing generals worked through the night on their battle plans. The battle was to be crucial, perhaps even the turning point of the war. The weary soldiers were busy moving equipment into position, ready to attack at daybreak. During these days of preparation there was a different kind of powwow in the neighborhood. Some kids were having their own little war, holding conferences, planning strategy, and making the best use of their imaginary equipment.

The best I recall the lesser contest was staged by the "Our Gang" kids, and since I was a kid myself, it was *that* war that concerned me. What did I care about the Civil War contest, however momentous. I was willing to miss the main event so as to watch a game of tiddlewinks!

Plato says something about how the good and wise man simply has no interest in the trivial, that his concerns are necessarily weighty. But as the pyramids defy time my brethren can defy even Plato. While all of Dallas is showing the noblest impulse of its history, our leaders gather in solemn assembly to weigh the momentous issue as to whether some of us might provide a bed for a kid from Nebraska without violating 2 John 9-11!

I am sure there is, however, some brightness in this picture. We have no way of knowing, but I will venture the educated guess that a lot of our folk are opening their homes to these young people, and they will rejoice with them if Jesus becomes more vital to them. Too, some of our own youth will be involved, and we will benefit from it all, in spite of ourselves.

Poor 2 John 9-11. How we do abuse that passage. The apostle would surely be surprised to learn that his warnings against the Gnostic heretics would be used against one who would dare to open his door to some kid who has come to learn more about the Christ. It is unthinkable that we have allowed ourselves to become so blind that we deliberately use the word of God in such a way as to preserve our exclusiveness. In that same disputed passage John makes it clear the people he has in mind when he insists that

they should be given no greeting nor welcomed into our homes. Verse 7 says: "Many deceivers have gone out into the world, who do not acknowledge Jesus Christ as come in the flesh." He goes on to call such ones the Antichrist and says that the believer must beware of such, "so that you may not lose all that you have worked for."

Then he goes on to say that these deceivers "run ahead too far and do not stand by the doctrine of Christ." Then comes the lines that have become a Church of Christ albatross: "If anyone comes to you who does not bring this doctrine, do not welcome him into your house or give him a greeting; for anyone who gives him a greeting is an accomplice in his wicked deeds."

Seen in its context, it is evident that "the doctrine of Christ" that is not honored is the truth that Jesus is indeed the eternal Word become flesh, a doctrine the Gnostics would not accept because of their thesis that flesh is necessarily evil. It is a serious fallacy to suppose that "the doctrine of Christ" applies to all the teachings of the New Testament. One may be honestly mistaken about baptism, the Lord's Supper, the church, prophecy, the kingdom of God (We of course are right on all these things!) and still be as innocent of the condemnation of 2 John 9-11 as any of us.

I will receive anyone into my home who sincerely loves God and is seeking to follow him, however mistaken I think he is on a score of things. The Gnostics had a bad heart, and they were seeking to undermine the church and to destroy the simple trusting faith of the saints, and all this to build up their own party. Today we cannot put well-meaning Baptists or Roman Catholics in such a category, even if they are wrong on this or that point of biblical truth.

It is our basic attitude in all this that is most tragic. That the leaders in this meeting about EXPLO should conclude that there is not time enough "to train our people for this type confrontation" is evidence that we simply haven't the right attitude toward other disciples of Jesus. Confrontation implies defiance and antagonism. And must our people be especially trained to share with a bunch of high school or college kids about Jesus? Why must it be made such a big deal?

This kind of behavior suggests that we are unsure of ourselves, and so we act intemperately and even desperately. Why can't we allow things to hang loose, looking to the Lord to put it altogether? Why not just sit down in a circle of these kids and *listen* and *share* and *pray* and *praise?* And possibly even learn? We don't have to be trained for a confrontation. I suspect that our clergy have been running things for so long, and running *scared* while running, that they have lost out on what is really going on, and along with it they have overlooked the power of Jesus in one's life.

Considering the claims that the Church of Christ has made for itself all these years, I suppose it does loom as something of a threat that other believers (whom we hardly consider

true believers) should be able to conduct such an impressive program without our help. For one of the greatest spiritual conventions in the entire history of Christianity to be held in a Church of Christ stronghold, and to take place as if the Church of Christ did not even exist in that area, is indeed something of a shock treatment. I can just see some kid from Hawaii being asked upon his return home by some of our folk, "Oh, that was held in Dallas, was it? Then I suppose you had some exposure to our own Churches of Christ that are so strong there?" His innocent reply would have to be: *Who?*

Let us all be thankful that what is done for Jesus in this world does not have to begin and end with us. Like wisdom and like truth.

This negative attitude of our leadership does not discourage me at all, for I see it as reactionary to something vital and precious that is taking place among us. Our people are changing. If Church of Christ folk across the land could all read this article, they would be more sympathetic with my attitude toward EXPLO than that of those leaders that met at Hurst. The truth is that such leaders are going to be left behind if they don't get with it, for the church of Jesus Christ on earth (not necessarily the Church of Christ) is moving on to victory and a lot of our folk are going along. This is because so many have their eyes on Jesus and they are turning to him as never before.

I believe in our people, and I gloriously believe in the future. That victory will be ours in terms of a more spiritual and more responsible brotherhood of disciples is now beyond question. – *the Editor*

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT!

You sometimes see it on bumper stickers, and now there is a book by that title, issued by the Augsburg Press. More than this, it is an attitude reflected in the thinking of a lot of Americans these days. *If you criticize this country, then get out of it!* is the message. I don't think I would allow my car to bear such a sticker, for what came across to me isn't good. Here is why I think so.

The implication is that if you criticize this country, then you are not patriotic. And if you are not patriotic, you ought to get out. So what comes across to me is: *Don't criticize America!*

I am not much for demonstrations, and I don't carry signs. Nor am I a peacenik. I don't sign petitions calling for the impeachment of high-ranking public servants, and I don't call our President bad names like *warmonger.* But still I don't like that sign. While I am not much on criticizing my country, I reserve the right to do so. Nor do I believe that it logically follows that if one criticizes this country, even to the point of protesting through demonstrations and

sit-ins, that he therefore does not love this country. He just might criticize *because* he loves his country.

As for those of us who are citizens of the heavenly commonwealth and are but sojourners in this world (regardless of nationality), there is a question as to whether patriotism is much of a virtue after all. American*ism* may not be much better than any other *ism*. If patriotism means loving one's country to the extent of respecting its officials, obeying its laws, and appreciating and preserving its freedoms, then I believe in being patriotic. But if it means a blind and arbitrary loyalty that insists on "My country, right or wrong," then I cannot see patriotism as a Christian virtue.

Somewhere in his writings Albert Einstein tells of a call he received from Washington about one of his colleagues, a young scientist of great promise who was being considered for a government appointment. "Is he patriotic?" asked the official. "I suppose he is as patriotic as an intelligent young man can be," was his candid but equivocating reply. Einstein wondered if his answer had hurt the young scientist chances.

Einstein was of course a citizen of the world first of all. He would hardly fit into a crowd of Rev. Carl McIntyre's followers, gathered on the green across from the White House waving a flag. And yet it was Einstein who voluntarily sent the letter to Roosevelt that initiated the research that led to the atomic bomb and that ushered in the atomic age.

The likes of an Einstein might not have palpitations of the heart when he hears the national anthem, and yet it is his kind that has contributed so much to our country's greatness. He believes in patriotism to the extent that intelligence, responsibility, and concern for all humanity allow. That means that he might criticize. But how asinine it would be to say to an Einstein: "Love it or leave it!"

If being a world citizen would modulate one's enthusiasm for his own nationality, how much more would this be true of one whose devotion is first of all to him whose kingdom is not of this world? The disciple of Jesus is going to be a good citizen of whatever nation, but his foremost concern will be the kingdom of God. And this concern, which reaches out to all mankind, may cause him to be critical of his nation's programs and policies. It will not be because he loves his nation less, but that he loves God more.

This "Love it or leave it" attitude abounds in congregational circles as well as in our culture at large. If you criticize the church, then you don't love it. And to criticize a preacher or an elder is made the eighth cardinal sin. And sometimes when some of our young princes become too critical of the *status quo* it is suggested that they would do just as well to find themselves another church. They could not possibly belong among Churches of Christ and be critical of their programs and policies!

The truth is that constructive criticism well placed is not only a badge of courage but a sign of love. Our best friends are those who are willing to help us move up higher. This may take nudging and prodding. Hardly anyone likes taking pills, but they are sometimes necessary. And even surgery sometimes. Reformation is usually painful and it is born of criticism. Those who love us the most are the ones who are pleading for change.

So I suggest a different bumper sticker, which may apply to a lot of things. Maybe even to babies.

If you don't help change it, then you don't love it! – the Editor

The Travel Letters of Alexander Campbell . . .

THE MAJESTY OF NIAGARA FALLS

Any man travelling on the American frontier in the 1830's would be expected to encounter hardships. If Alexander Campbell suffered more than was normal for his time, it was because he travelled more than was normal. Like the great apostle, Campbell could write of being "in journeys often," and of long, arduous journeys as well. They were hazardous not only to his health but to his very life.

His journey to the Northeast in 1836, in company with Tolbert Fanning, was so perilous that he was led to say: "We are never fully sensible how much we owe to that Eye 'which slumbers not nor sleeps,' for our deliverance from harm and from danger; but there are certain occasions which more forcibly remind us of our obligations, and call forth our grateful acknowledgments to Him who is the guide and the guard of those who commit their steps to his direction."

He spent all night travelling by stagecoach between Hudson and Bedford, Ohio, a distance of only 12 miles, due to rains and bad roads. Almost half that distance he had to walk through mud and swamps, abandoning the coach intermittently so as to avoid serious bodily injury. Swollen rivers, impossible roads, wilderness pathways, derailed trains, broken-down coaches, inoperable steamers, and reluctant horses were all within the experiences of this pioneer in broadcloth who shared in the romance of carving a nation out of a new frontier. The Mississippi and the Ohio were his avenues to a new world, though they were sometime too shallow for navigation or so caked with ice as to make travel most difficult. He was among the first to sail the Chesapeake and the Great Lakes, where he encountered storms equal to those on the high seas. Like Paul, Alexander Campbell could include in his perilous life shipwrecks at sea, dangers from rivers, danger in the wilderness, danger from false brethren, "toil and hardship through many a sleepless night," cold and exposure. (2 Cor. 11)

Yet it was amidst these travels that his restoration mind forged some of

those ideas that gave birth to a new religious movement. It was here that he was exposed to the raw nerve center of frontier religion. It was the frontier that he encountered in his travels that became his arena more than his editorial office back in Bethany. It was here amidst conversation and debate, whether in southern mansions, aboard a steamer, in the large cities, or on horseback, that he did much of his writing and thinking. It was on Lake Erie that he wrote part of the story of his journey to the Northeast, which he closed with the note "Written in the midst of a crowd, and with many interruptions." The postscript well describes the context of Campbell's life, so much of which took place "in the midst of a crowd."

Cleveland in 1836 was to Campbell the most beautiful town of Ohio, which, even though but then a village, was destined, he believed, to be "the great emporium of the northern section of the state." But it was terribly inflicted with the spirit of infidelity, he observed, which was the case with most new towns of the West in their first settlement. So he centered his ministry in Cleveland upon the sceptics, inviting them to "state their objections in public, and to open their difficulties to full and free discussion."

He argued the authenticity of Christianity on the ground that if the New Testament should be destroyed the life of Jesus could be established from the writings of unbelieving Jews and pagans who flourished in that age, making reference to the histories of Josephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny, and the decrees of emperors Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines. He insisted that even such enemies of the faith as Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian bear witness to the testimony of the apostles.

This confrontation with scepticism in Cleveland, similar to his experiences in New York, which we have described, is typical of Campbell's struggle with secularism on the American frontier. He could rightly be called "the great apologist" of the nineteenth century. Only a small percentage of frontier folk were church members, and they were led by a virtually illiterate clergy that was incapable of coping with the aggressive scepticism that sprang from the rugged individualism of frontier life. Scepticism was advocated by intellectuals who were disgusted with ignorant and superstitious religionists, and who usually had no difficulty supporting their philosophy against the claims of an unlearned clergy, who usually avoided any confrontation.

So Alexander Campbell was something different, not only in his ability to expose scepticism as untenable, but his eagerness for the contest, inviting the leading sceptics in to the area for a showdown if not a shootout. He would debate with them until they gave up the fight or until he himself became exhausted. In Cleveland he had to step down because of severe hoarseness, only to have one of his colleagues carry on the exchanges that would extend for hour upon hour, day and night, and always before a crowded house.

Lake Erie, which was to Campbell "the American Mediterranean," bore

him toward Buffalo, despite difficulties. The shaft of the water-wheel broke before they were passed the lighthouse, delaying him for a day. Taking another steamer, one of its boilers failed, causing the passengers even more discomfort, for they were "rolled to and fro for half an hour, as in a tub over which we had no control." Alexander records that the waves on Lake Erie were respectable even for the Atlantic, but he had a capacity to repose himself in the Lord when almost all others went without both appetite and sleep. While others were seasick, he reported to the diner as usual; and while others sat up and watched the storm, including Tolbert Fanning, he slept peacefully in his bunk until the ship was safely harbored at Buffalo.

There was no disciple congregation in Buffalo, then a city of 17,000, but Campbell does refer to several devoted advocates of reform who were interested in "getting up a church," an unlikely expression for him. He addressed a Baptist church there, and met with disciples at Clarence and Williamsville, towns near Buffalo. While in the area he met men whose names have lived on in disciple history – J. M. Bartlett, Silas Shepherd, and J. M. Yearnshaw.

He was reluctant to tarry in Buffalo since it was "wholly given to speculation and idolatry of Mammon," and so he turned to those whom he thought would be more receptive.

Sailing down the Niagara, he landed in Canada at the mouth of Chippewa creek, only two miles above Niagara Falls. Most of the passengers disembarked on the American side, because of the danger, for if anything happened to the machinery on the three-mile trip across the river, the ship would almost certainly be precipitated over the Falls.

Such flirtations with danger made Campbell something of a poet. In describing his experience at the edge of the Falls, he writes:

"There is indeed something indescribably sublime in feeling, while floating across this river in sight of the foam and spray, and in hearing of these troubled waters, feeling at the same time the danger incident upon any contingency interrupting the motion of that complex machinery, on the regularity of which depends one's escape from a catastrophe so evident and overwhelming."

He was much impressed by the Falls, preparing a lengthy essay on his experience, which he sent back to Bethany so that his assistant editor, Robert Richardson, could include it in the *Harbinger* during his absence. He describes the origin of the Falls as "four inland seas," giving the dimensions of each and how one feeds into the next, and each with its attending rivers directs its waters into the Falls. He points out that even as early as 1836 people from all over America and Europe visited the Falls.

Sitting as he did on the top of a tower 45 feet high, directly above the Falls, he looked down on the tremendous precipice and watched the waters fall 164 feet into a gulf 250 feet deep. "In the midst of such an uproar and war of elements, one feels more disposed to stand and

gaze in mute astonishment, than attempt to give birth to the various conceptions and impressions which struggle within him, in the presence of objects so transcendingly magnificent and sublime."

He closes his essay with a poem by a Mrs. Sigourney, which was his favorite tribute to the Falls. He allows his passion for baptism as immersion to show in publishing the poem, for he actually changes the poetess' line, "Each leafy bough that lifts itself within thy proud domain, doth gather greenness from thy living spray, and tremble at the *baptism,*" so that the last word reads *rantism,* meaning sprinkling in the Greek.

Sprinkling is what the poetess really meant, Campbell insists in a footnote, allowing no place for poetic license, and so changes the text. One is left to wonder how many readers of Mrs. Sigourney's poem would understand how leafy boughs would tremble at *rantism,* and the poetess might well insist that the gentleman from Virginia keep his cotton-pickin' hands off her poem!

He was not as impressed with the religion of the people of Niagara village as he was the Falls. Addressing the Methodist Chapel on the kingdom of heaven, he found them more concerned with the growing fortunes of their community than the subject of his discourse.

He went on to Lewiston, N. Y., where he viewed the statue of General Brock, of Revolutionary War fame, standing 134 feet high, observing that it is a monument to the folly of human ambition and the wickedness of war undertaken by the foes of human rights. At Lockport a deluge of rain resulted in only a small crowd hearing him at a Universalist church, where he contended with the minister on future punishment. At Knowlesville he addressed the Baptists on the origin of the Christian dispensation. At Brockport he found a town "locked fast against our heresy," with every church door closed against him. A Presbyterian minister complained that he would rather see the town embrace infidelity and all become Owenites than to become Campbellites. Securing the schoolhouse, he was still able to address a respectable audience. When the Methodist preacher found his sexton ringing the bell, signalling folk to the school for the service, he ran to him and forbade him to pull the rope again!

In Greece, N. Y. he met with a number of disciples, "healthy in the faith and zealous for the apostolic institutions," in a private home. At Rochester, then only 14,000 population, he is impressed by the mighty Gennessee Falls, "second only to those of Niagara," and comments on the milling industry on the river, that some mills produce 400 barrels of flour per day. The falls and rapids of western New York also make for great water power, enough to supply the entire state for a century, he calculated. But he complained of too much enterprise, as if speaking of our own time as well as his own. "The great multitudes are too much in the bustle to think, too much in the competition for the favors of fortune to listen to the claims of the Bible and its momentous concerns. A sure and infallible way to wealth would be much more acceptable to the great majority than a sure and infallible way to the enjoyment of God and heaven.

He likes his humour and in these travel letters he uses it to soften the pain of the hardships he endured. "I have not yet found a Calvinist in the state," he says wryly, "who believes that the number of his dollars is so definite and fixed that not one can be added thereto or diminished therefrom."

In Rochester he was so cruelly misjudged by the clergy that he was led to comment that the views and principles attributed to him through false imputation were really more abhorrent to himself than to his accusers. But he sees this as consistent with history, for all those who have sought to benefit mankind with new ideas have had imputed to them positions they never held. "Not one of a thousand has ever been opposed in his own true and proper character, but under a character manufactured for him in the loom of envy by the hand of jealousy, and dyed in the dark font of partizan heterodoxy," he states.

On Lord's day in Rochester he attended an old Baptist church, which typified to him the degenerate system whose death he sought to hasten. The audience stood to listen to a feeble choir, then *sat* as the minister prayed. But Campbell saw in the minister, an Elder Church, a man who stood superior to the system and the party, and one who could have great influence if he had the advantages of a more scriptural order. The elder's sermon on the resurrection of Jesus impressed Campbell as "a practical and sensible discourse," but he thought he erred in concluding that Jesus' body was changed at the point of its resurrection from the tomb. True, Jesus showed unusual power over the laws of nature following his resurrection, such as walking through closed doors and disappearing into thin air, as Elder Church argued, but he also showed such powers during his life on earth. His body did not *change,* Campbell contends, until the ascension, which is when all of us shall experience the great transformation.

Campbell saw in Auburn, N. Y. one of America's most beautiful cities, moving him to quote Goldsmith's lines of another village of the same name: "Sweet Auburn! lovliest village of the plain!" He mentions that some 15 old sea captains had chosen the village, then 7,000 in population, as their place of retirement. He also refers to Auburn's two opposite institutions, a state penitentiary and a theological seminary, only a stone's throw from each other!

He spent a half-day at the penitentiary, impressed as he was with its modernity as well as its massive walls. That the inmates were able to be productive in manufacturing various products, enabling the state to actually make money from the operation was partly responsible, he supposes, for their success in rehabilitating criminals. He saw it as a model prison, the finest in the United States. He comments that blacks made up an undue proportion of the prison population and women were disproportionately low

in number, which he relates to his conviciton that criminals are made through neglect of education in the early years. Nor can he bypass the fact that a number of the inmates were once gentlemen of the cloth who stood behind "the sacred desk" as teachers of religion, but who now suffer ignominiously for their hypocrisy.

As for the Presbyterian seminary, several of its 60 to 70 students turned up for his five lectures on the kingdom of God, but their professors kept a respectable distance. The seminarians, he supposed, were more interested in finding proof of his heterodoxy than in learning the character of the gospel, "a matter by far too simple to be taught in a school of technical and speculation divinity." The Baptists opened their large house to him, and while its members thought him indeed some kind of speckled bird, he did not appear to them so far out "as one made for the cage, to be pecked by all the ravens and crows and vultures of the forests."

Leaving Auburn, he moved on to Ira where he gave a 4th of July address to a church of 90-100 members on the good things of a better country. On to Cicero, he felt more at home than at any place in the state of New York, for here the brethren had a building of their own. It gave him opportunity to state that he always felt uneasy in the midst of *rich* disciples in meeting-houses belonging to their more liberal religious neighbors. Houses, like paper and ink, are important in being "ready unto every good work," he argued, and he always encouraged the disciples to have a building for themselves and their friends when they call to see them.

In Cicero he met a young woman, Wealthy Ann Lathrop, who was one of his oldest correspondence, who had for years passed copies of the *Christian Baptist* and the *Millennial Harbinger* along to her friends in the Baptist church. This had brought the wrath of her minister down upon her, and by a vote of seven males (the sisters were not allowed to cast their lot) she had been summarily excommunicated from the fellowship of all regular Baptists in heaven and on earth. Campbell, impressed by her femininity as well as her intellectual graces, refers to her as "the protomartyr of the Apostles' doctrine in the state of New York." Her trials were so prolonged, he says, that they would furnish matter for a heroic poem of twelve books; but he is pleased that her courage and faithfulness gained the admiration and astonishment of the entire town. As for the preacher who got up a party for the express purpose of "putting down a girl," Campbell describes his end as the visitation of cholera, and he had since been called "to give an account of his stewardship to Him who judges righteously."

In Cicero he was also visited by an aged brother, Timothy Brewster, whom he describes as the first Baptist minister to avow allegiance to the restoration of the ancient faith. Suffering from rheumatism and the frailty of 76 years, he journeyed 40 miles in a buggy for an interview with Alexander Campbell. "There is something peculiarly consolatory and exhilarating in seeing an aged and venerable Father in Israel, with his eyes stedfastly fixed on the heavenly Canaan, standing forward on the bank of Jordan, and encouraging the sacramental host to combat the good combat of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life," said Alexander of him after the visit. – *the Editor*

Next Installment: *Sunrise On Long Island Sound*

ONLY TWO SIDES
(Part 2)
By Norman H. Crowhurst

Every fundamentalist group emphasizes that there are only two sides, that of God and that of the Devil. So choose your side! How many really understand how to identify the sides? All I can say is that full appreciation of its significance came to me only after many years, laden with experience. So I will try to pass some of it on to you.

The beginning of this phase of my learning occurred in the mid thirties. Jehovah's Witnesses were swinging along pretty well, but a group of young people with whom I associated felt much the same as I did about the whole thing. We believed in God. We could not accept all those new doctrines the Watchtower was churning out. So why did we stay so long? A lot of people ask that. This story may bring an answer to that question.

Some of these young people decided to vacation in Switzerland in 1936. During the vacation we would spend the evenings with the local Swiss at the hotel, who were very hospitable. At that time, Watchtower publications had quite a bit to say about Hitler and the atrocities perpetrated in the concentration camps. The rest of the world refused to believe the atrocities existed.

We were not far over the border from Germany. So we asked these Swiss if they knew anything. They told us about friends they knew in Germany, about people who disappeared in the middle of the night and were never heard from again. But of what happened to these people they knew nothing, although there were rumors.

The father of a girl in our party was Austrian by birth, naturalized British. On our way home, we stayed at this girl's home over the weekend. Her father asked us about Switzerland, where he had often visited during his youth. What was still the same, what had changed? We told him about the conversation concerning Hitler, and he became silent, which was not like him. An effervescent Austrian by nature, he always had something happy to say. Silence was not his nature.

Next morning, very solemnly, he asked us if we would take him for a ride, he would show us where. I looked at Anna, but her frown stopped me asking where he was going to take us. We rode to a point between

Sandwich and Deal on the Channel coast, and he told us to turn into a lane clearly marked "Private, No Thoroughfare."

We passed sign after sign, *Dead End, No Admittance, Tresspassers Will Be Prosecuted,* enough to deter anyone from going further. But he insisted we keep going. Eventually, we reached a sentry at the gate of a camp. John Retter got out of the car and spoke to the sentry in German. After a few moments, we were waved in.

It appears that John was camp interpreter for this place, that housed about 3,000 persons who had escaped from German concentration camps. John was sworn to secrecy about his work. But what he had seen was too awful to keep to himself. So he did not tell us about it. He showed us. With him as interpreter, we interviewed several of the poor people there and learned what was going on. It was unbelievable. It would be impossible to exaggerate the atrocities. We would rather forget. But it was real enough.

Jehovah's Witnesses had been circulating a petition for signatures, demanding that the British government make representations to the German government to cease such atrocities. Our group of young people had little to do with that up till then. We thought the stories about Hitler fighting God's kingdom under Christ, by putting Christians in concentration camps, was a bit far-fetched.

But this first-hand evidence changed our thoughts: Jehovah's Witnesses were right and all the rest of the world was wrong. After that, we joined in circulating the petition with a will. What then shocked us was the way people would denounce us as communists, or as parroting communist propaganda, because "everyone knows how much good Hitler is doing for Germany."

The petition went to the British government. Their official reply was that the government had no knowledge, either of any camps or of any atrocities. But we knew better!

The next years were heartbreaking years in some ways and yet they were years of success in bringing many to believe. Some of these joined Jehovah's Witnesses, some did not. But they believed, which was what mattered to us.

In 1939 attitudes changed. Now all the world wanted to stop Hitler and Mussolini, it seemed. And the Watchtower attitude changed, too. Their "preaching" was from door to door. If all the young men went into forces, they would have no preachers left to sell books. So they decided we should be conscientious objectors.

Personally, I felt there was a score to settle, after what I had seen, but I wanted to do God's will. When my age group was due to register, I went to the office and took the form the clerk gave me to register for the armed services. However, after my name and address, the next space was for 'occupation'. Following that was one for 'employer'.

Two years earlier I had been an electronic engineer, but now I was a minister of a congregation of Jehovah's Witnesses. I could enter 'electronic engineer', but then I could not name an employer and I was certainly not unemployed. So I asked the clerk.

I did not say I was a minister for Jehovah's Witnesses, because that was not how I viewed myself. My Master is Jesus Christ. So I told him I was a Christian minister. He would not accept this, without knowing of what denomination I was a minister. Eventually I had to admit that it was of a congregation of people known as Jehovah's Witnesses.

He said that my correct procedure was to register as a conscientious objector. I told him that I did not conscientiously object to that war. He said that was the only way to get my case 'clarified', but that is another story.

During the war, I actually witnessed shiploads of scrapiron being shipped from British ports to Germany. Then there was a coal strike toward the end of the war. From some strikers I met from South Wales I learned the reason for that strike that was never published in the newspapers.

The miners had learned from the stevedores who loaded the coal on ships, that its destination was Barcelona, Spain. In turn, the sailors on the ships had learned from Spanish stevedores that the trains onto which they loaded the coal were headed for –you guessed it – Germany!

So the strikers were really patriots, yet the newspapers blasted them for trying to sabotage the war effort. The only part of the war effort they wanted to sabotage was the enemy's side!

These things, at the time, seemed to confirm Watchtower teaching, that the whole world is in a conspiracy against God's people. While pretending to fight tyranny, our government was secretly helping our enemies. This was Bible prophecy fulfilled, as the Witnesses said.

That side of things seemed plain. But another side did not. If they were God's exclusive people, as they claimed, why would the Watchtower Society restore to subterfuge, to keep young men out of the forces? And why would they even get the government's cooperation in this, as they had in my case?

After the war, I found myself one of the key men in the British organization of Jehovah's Witnesses. At all their big conventions I would have a prominent place organizing things. I resumed my activity as an electronic engineer and as an educator and, when the Watchtower urged people to come to Yankee Stadium in 1950, my wife and I were on the boat.

That was when Nathan Knorr released the New World Translation of the Christian Greek Scriptures (New Testament). In his speech, he gave a great build-up for "restoring the name Jehovah to its rightful place in the New Testament." In talking about that, he mentioned the pronunciation of the name. It was during this speech that the only wind to even breathe in New York City all that week blew down into the Stadium.

On the grass, in front of the platform, was spelled out the words

J E H O V A H ' S W I T N E S S E S

The wind – quite a stiff gust – blew over the E, O and A, at the very moment Knorr was explaining that all we know of the Divine name is the tetragrammaton, the Hebrew equiva-